Would you answer Tennyson that I'm very sorry to hear
with her, & its only because I must have some one who can
stay 3 months.

Yours Monk Moore.

1930

Saturday
~~6th~~ 7th Jan

Dear Dolphin

That old woman must be dreadening, I
think - She came & told me she had lost the key
& Mansfield & I hotted about & found it — so
of its lost, I think it must be in the street. Never
mind. We're rebbed that the best plan is
to pay her a week's wages & start another system,
which I think will work better. (but I'm so bored
with it all, I want to write Detail) Do the
writer to her to say that we shant want her again,
as the dr. says Nelly cant come before September -
I've had to engage somebody else. I've told
her that Dunlop will give her £5/- & the
Cheque is made out to him. Poor old creature -
I think she's really on her last legs & would certainly
drop dead if we kept her a bit. I still maintain
however that she has flashes of cookery worthy of
Senior. Expect gentle housework is all she is
fit for now. If you could persuade her not to come &
see me. I should be grateful - I'll look for the

Keys & send them up the hasn't been able to return: supposing — as is necessary — that keys there. Lord — that's over, thank God.

We went to Grosvenor Gr last night to Maynard's letter. After left you the other Evening I ran into Lydia. She was coming along Francis Street, & I waved with my usual cordiality. She took on like a figure of stone, & I thought I must be mistaken, & she meant to cut me. However she stopped & addressed me like a mate — what a smile-about Wollaston; dash & the awful shock to Maynard, & the disgraceful habits of the young. Somehow I felt that most of it referred to you, Duncan; but no doubt we shall be told the full story by them both, over & over & over — what a lovely summer is brewing! What a talk! How I do love quarrels, disagreements — talking about & round & both agreed with you about the frogs. The acerbity is very marked. That's a comfort. I'm afraid you, Duncan are very happy though. Eddy's party was a great success. But I doubt that Helen's house can be as nice as this. To be nobody for 4 days is the pinnacle of human happiness. Even though I have to work about working women all the morning — which is as if you had to sew canvas woven chamber pots for Faith Henderson — I manage to get a good deal of pleasure one way & another. And there are no servants in the house thank God; & nobody Coming over to call (but then doesn't refer to you, Duncan) Those we may meet in London. But now you're such a queen one has to catch you. I come. On the hop.

V.

HOWARD 6.6.1906

Wyndham Lewis & his Bloomsbury Black Book in which every
God always Saith is to be published: the publishers insist upon a
we have offered, as a Gesture, which is thought by some Elephant.
And on Wednesday the (52 Tavistock Sqre.)
Jews assemble & have So chocolates in the form of sovereigns, into the
Dearest Dolphin, Cap of the Motherwoof who is So: & there
will be a cheque among them for that sum:
Yes I quite agree that it was time Jan Colette comes & stops
wrote to me – its your duty, being so obedient as to go to your to dinner.
murderous aunt Blue. That's what makes letter writing a And
necessity. I can't write, never again probably, my career's at when
an end. I leave it all to Julian, because my steel nibs can't be Shall
had any more, therefore given up making them, & there's only Jan
their Stephenson Blicky detestable gold nib, which I can't think with. be
Probably this is the last letter I shall ever write. I feel a bitter back
like Clive, trying to give you a brisk & breezy account of the B.
Beau Monde. Well, everyone is buzzing about – we dined
with Raymond; & there was Waley – waly waly up the Bank –
waly waly down the Brae. And we had cold lamentable
chunks, uncheered by a Char – all rather pared down –
afternoon, which I prefer to high cock a dandy, but
there's too much talk of money & America, & Thales going
down. When dolphin's lover £700 she merely casts a damn &
it's over: Raymond forever nibbles & scratches & it jerk of
pen pimples, how man. Also Heyslop was there, & we retired
a back room & fetched extra document – literally 60
reams of foolscap, typed: 60 many packets of loam: 60
many tons of £ books: 60 many gallons of nails — all

made out to a t for the Nicolsons house, with provision
for Reaver House, ancient lites, & lights goway, underlined
in red, so naturally the total was £1600 instead
of £500, & there's what they call a hitch: in last dome
Embarrassment. He was a month making out this
document, & it's worn & hemicketty & taken it ameer; seems
that the Nicolsons make about £40 weekly that they want
keen this up mostamtly. So Vita, who merely wanted to be
rid of the boys in the Christmas holidays now has them on her
till Easter. And Eddy's mad cook - did ya hear - went
down to Long Barn one evening, & spat hadn't been in the
boot boy thinking her queer & sending for the secretary who
sent for the doctor who came by a miracle & tapped
her on her thigh & found there a revolver loaded in
6 chambers Vita would have been shot at her
writing table - whereas now Eddy's cook is
lodged in Macdonald Asylum & Eddy is lodged at
Long Barn, because, he says, its all Vita's fault that he
has had to hunt with his cook - also the man to have
shot Eddy later that night, it turns out, so that Eddy is
said [but dont spread this abroad] to be more
intolerably peevish than ever. Further, Had Lady
Rhondda to tea, & she has made old Ethel Eat her
words, from the root up, about St John Erwine &
Christopher St John — but I dont think I ever

1906

told you ab that story about Ethel & the girls school at Bath & how the libelled Lady Rhondda, who wrote to me, who came to tea & is a great hacked hein woman like Ray & once swam for ten minutes, this said, under water, when the Lusitania sank, & then she saved herself by her father who subsequently died from shock, leaving his abt £20,000 a year, which she spends as time & tide, which is a misshaper; & that's about all. Then I had Dotty here; who wd only say "Jadore Vanessa — I love Vanessa — I want Vanessa" — this sort of thing I find so boring: & yet with your fame mounting & your beauty still alas not sunk behind the hill — what to be done? Suffer, & clasp the serpent to my breast I suppose. And I am growing my hair: but it's a secret: & there's a way of arranging hair pins: which is also a secret; & it's all due to Angelica who says I'm so ugly; & I'm so ugly & so old that no one knows if I have hair or haven't hair: to return — I've only ten minutes to dinner. Well, Rivett is an odd fish: I think rather a nice woman; rather like Sylvia Milman, only more subdued; somebody I think failed her: she is saddened; refined; can cook very well, but Can't dance; so though I daresay she wd last a lifetime, it's too much strain on the whole; also she has heard Ka in a hostile; on the whole I think she'd better stay her month & then go — & then — well, now Annie wants to come permanently; & next week

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/66

Stelly is on me. Lord knows what to do; but I say I shall be
form a Editrial, a temporise till Xmas. & then install
Lenny for Ever. You cant think how nice this — the house
Empty at 9 — simplicity, reason, taste & logic in
the ascendent, after all those broils. Reviews has some
humour too; — we dare about £1-10 a week —
~~Here~~ (Oh there d-d pens — wont mark —) on
Groceries alone. What with one thing & another, I was so
distracted last week I almost came to France — not to you but
to Beaune. I thought there one might be silent. But
now you have Slavs & Teds & Tigers & Frys — so where is
solitude — where is silence? Nowhere. About the furniture
I am pleased that Bonnard is sold, as I am less foolish than was
there; & also I might get it — day at Christmas. I think thought
then & now. be best to keep anything that Roger dont
want — Keep any chairs that cd. be useful to you, &
the beds. in case we could use them later. Is the
letter any use to you? Of course, if there's in the way. Give
them to any of your mouldy quaysides acquaintance — the
man who Crawled, for instance — or Ted. I doubt
that they would be worth the carriage.

Now having had dinner I will wind up. Owing to the
incessant drudgery at the Press (this must be ended — its becoming
too much. Even if one makes £2,000 — Leonard is absolutely
busy & I have endless novels to read) owing to Dotty's
anthology &c. we couldnt go to the East Coast, so did not
see Angelica; no news of Julian. Everyone is in a stir about

I've only had one postcard from Clive -

1930

Monks Horton
Priddy

Sunday
Nov 2nd.

You are probably startled by this time with a letter from me, & your afternoon as my habits are thrust down your throat. I'm writing here in a howling wilderness - rain, wind, nota glimpse of sky, bog over the main meadows - agreement that the elms to be blown down, & in an hour we take the road & drove to London which is said to be in a thick fog - so what with falling trees, collisions & so on, this may well be the last time I hold the pen. Then you are sitting in the sun; though I doubt it. As for Roger, tantrums I take with be weird to hold him down. I'm glad I didn't plunge off to Beaumont. & what a public fuss. One can only just exist with all the comforts of civilization. The curiousness of nature now paper [illegible]. Yesterday, I think the car will be blown back. Was a hurricane. Nanky Mrs Greenhead who is now fought church Caused by lifted bodily to the top of the Church there. Nine thick. & a gamble to church seven!

But I'm want sleep. The sea an inferno

Conversation - nobody had an idea with her, for the bad weather always interfered the life of Bloomsbury: we went to a party at James's to celebrate Logan's 50th birthday, & Einstein spoke in German through a hole in the wall. Tommy was there, grown round as a snowball, in the last lap of dentition, & Carrington & Lytton. Next day I had a long tête à tête with Carrington, who is Virginia shrewder & to my mind disappointed, but then my mind is utterly untrustworthy. I judge that things by the way people blow their nose. Anyhow she was affectionate in the extreme, & we are to meet another to plan Spain. She said that Lytton often regrets that he does not do more of his old friends, & prefers to the new friends, but how difficult it is to meet, & then we are all so busy, but the people he cares most for are Vanessa & Virginia. You would know to an ounce how much to believe, how much to be touched, inspired, sympathetic & moved by Comparison (I think Gerald's devotion is rather killing, & Lytton is going to be a Lear: Partridge when I saw the British Museum) by all the agitation. She was very shabby: small; in her usual tweed petticoat & jacket, & said she spent most of her time with Mrs John. Then Lytton came to dinner to meet Lady Colefax. I spent 17/6 on

NYPL

a jar of pâté de foie gras: & Rivett really cooked admirably (she is erratic & has failures but on the whole I like her eccentricity better than complete humdrum) & Sibyl has transformed Emily into a harried downright woman of business, sticking her fork in the pot; & has lost almost all her glitter & mauvity. Even her voice has changed. She is now of the family of Chamberlain & other money makers. She is at the office from 9.30 to 7: has had to give up entertaining, & on the whole is improved, though rather tragic. After all, she is 55, I daresay, & has practised beauty for 35 years: & now to become a hardheaded shopkeeper, — she is very successful too, decorating houses from top to bottom: standing on ladders & lying flat — mostly on the ground. The two has shrunk & faded. Lytton was smooth as silk & sweet as honey. You were praised. I think probably you do now represent the only island that Kubla afloat. Everyone else seems at the moment money grubbing & precarious. And then there is Ad Ethel, who took me to one of the very smartest Spanish in Belgrave Square, & enfolded Emily of Sweater, Jersey & mothy moleskin below all the flunkeys. Knocking his pork pie hat to right & left & finally producing from a cardboard

boy fastened at the edge by hooks fastened a pair of
black leather shoes, which the buttons, became the said
the truth is I'm a damned snob, & like to be smart."
She also said, "& But this slow movement sublime-
natural & heavy & irresistible like the movement of one's
own bowels." ah the dapper little diplomats blushed.
She is half crazed about with a memoir of H.B. which she
works all day & all night, & has just sent me to criticize.
Such mystic & we go back - the storm is anything worse,
& the mist is now sulphur coloured - to Hilda Matheson &
Vita to discuss the future of B.B.C. & Monday; dine with
Hope Tuesday; Wednesday I fear Nelly will come:
Thursday Tom Eliot; Friday tea with Olt: - & no
Dolphin, no Fitzroy, no Vans, Foant, no Angelica. no
Natural universe. Even dear old Duncan seem to me
sometimes to speak a more restored tongue than these
Contemporaries.

My household plans are now vague again, as
Annie thinks she can't come for a year, because she
should Revolt soon in a fortnight - but there
doesn't seem to be much difficulty; & the living out
system I'm sure will emerge triumphantly. Or does one
grow hermetalicon? To be alone in the house is now
my greatest pleasure. Even a meal always me. And I
can cook a simple dish very well. But Dolphin would
not annoy me - oh dear no.

B.

HAMILL 6/1/66

1406

1930

52 T.S. Tuesday Nov. 4th.

Alec has asked me to write you a short account of his misfortunes — not to be taken too seriously, he says. However annoying about a fortnight ago he woke up to find he could hardly see out of one eye. However he didn't think much of it & went on travelling, until, as it did not get better, he decided he had better come home & see an oculist. This he did yesterday, & the oculist says that it is due to some inflamation behind the eye, caused by some germ. He is going to see Freeman who will test his blood & try to discover what the germ is. Possibly it is the same germ that caused his Eczema & also they will be able to cure it quickly. (Meanwhile but may take some weeks. to discover.

he is forbidden to read or write & has to wear
black spectacles. He dined here last
night & seemed otherwise very well & in
high spirits. He has engaged a reader who
comes for two hours in the afternoon &
he says everybody is being very nice & coming
to see him. They don't think there is
any danger for his eyes — it is only a
question of setting at the germ — it
apparently the same thing Alix had
He takes it with great composure & said
Jan were on no account to worry as
change your plans. I think Joan is in
London. Grace is away for him.
I expect we shall see a good deal of him
& I will let Jan know what Freeman says.
Then is merely a bulletin

Yours

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/64

Of course if you were likely to spend 4 or 5 months annually at Cannes it might be worth while to keep some of the things; as for Care for love of you, I should not [52 Tavistock Square] particularly [illegible] Bernard; & even if you could. & so much do like Cannes, or whatever other hunts, that I daresay I should not manage it.

1930.

Dearest Dolphin,

About the business of the furniture: I'm surprised to hear how much there is; I expect I could use stuff at Rodmell, as I have two rooms now to furnish; so would you get an estimate for sending the whole lot by sea. at the same time. I wish you would take anything you want, as a gift; ~~you~~ I don't want to sell it. & as I feel I have just upon the Lord, wouldn't Jean let me give her the sheets, if she wants them? I give you full authority to close with the removers, as it is clear that nothing will be done if it is left till after you go. I've not heard from you about Oreste: I'm hoping you made him climb down. If he insists that the 2nd item on the bill was also Common, I think you had better give way, if by so doing we are quit of him. But otherwise it is obviously an imposture. (I think it was 300 francs)

As for Clive's affair, I suppose you have heard that the very day after his return Joan was in a motor accident, & they rang him up at 2/ to say she was all cut about, & he got the Stephens & doctor, who was brought to 50 & then up, & taken off next morning to her own flat. where she will be in bed more or less for 3 weeks. but not they think permanently disfigured. This was coming back from a Bonfire night party at Dick Wyndham's, & it is thought that the young man who drove into a lamp post was drunk. It is very unfortunately, as Clive is ~~to~~ insane therefore left more to his own devices — & Lord! to tell the truth a Dinner at Clive with

Over

Cory & Raymond is not the height of joy to me. But one feels rather a brute not to go. He's in great fettle, as a matter of fact, with every sort of lady & scent. swarming to his help — Christabel, &c. & I hope in a short time his engagements will be so many that we have no chance apart him — It's odd how difficult he makes fancy & natural talk very often: it's all pronouncing & boasting, & boasting pronouncing. Then I fall into darkness where Conrad is to begin with. His eyes seems a long business though: they're taking X rays, but so far without result. I should be terrified; he seems amazingly cheerful. You were a bold woman to marry into the Belch: the mixture is pretty thick. so I thought listening to Clive & Cory. ~~great Edwardians~~ ~~Wards of Hastings~~? & the new lighting system reduces one to coma — legat powers from white spittoons every where — no escape — ? Jail like a robbat looking at a cobra. NYPL Your Chestman Wards affrailing — it's their rough guilty hearty good sense I think —; ~~but~~ the only consolation I can offer is that on the whole I'd rather confound for one week a year than suffer as I do about 35 afternoon teas & visits to Worthing — Cairo James, Thesiger, Savage Club: but the horror was such that it reached a point of magnificence & was over by 12.30. Only 'new them are Belch & Tom to be invited — why didn't we marry into interesting families? why did we choose — well, what we did choose? I mean not husbands, but families?

Begin

In fun way, I've got no news. Yet I've seen so many people I could fill 8 pages: but it's only chatter. My most horrid

Ephrenee was a visit from Tom Eliot. The had been arranged for weeks. At the last moment he rang up to say that Vivien wanted to come too, & would we pretend that we had asked her. This wounded ourselves, but was nothing to the reality. She is insane. She understands every word one says. "Do you keep bees?" I asked, handing her the honey. "Hornets" she replied. "Where?" I asked. "Under the bed." That the style, & one has to go on talking, & Tom ~~became~~ grim, I suppose, to cover things with long rambling & facetious stories. And she smells: & she throws cheap powder over the head; & she opens his letters, expects me & Vivien to help her sort them, so far as we could judge; & finally said that she had made a signal which meant that they were to go. So they did go, in about half an hour, & now he writes that he wants to come & see me alone, to explain I suppose: but I expect Vivien will appear too."

I went to Oxford yesterday, & met ~~the~~ Lindsay my tutor, as there I found Yeats, whom I think (naturally, wrongly) our only living poet — perhaps a great poet: anyhow a good poet; & there was also Dr La Mare, who is very odd, very charming, rather daft, but at the same time surprisingly on the spot. Being now almost incapable of discussion I said all the wrong things about poetry & we had a long discourse — very annoying to me: as I can't think why they don't write poetry about interesting things any longer. Yeats admitted it — but then, as he believes in the unconscious soul, in fairies, in magic, & has a complete system of philosophy & psychology — one was not easy altogether to understand: at the same time, I agreed with many of his views: & he also is surprisingly nimble. He has grown tremendously thick, & is rather magnificent looking; in fact I think I have seldom ~~seen~~ met more interesting people (not Dolphin always) than Yeats. This was a great success. This old Oxford Junction; undoubtedly. She

has ~~an~~ the atmosphere for that, though the now has a black trumpet hung to he side for she is suddenly growing deaf. All the time we talked in the drawing room I heard Pippy talking to a lady in the dining room — Could it be Mrs Jones? Also we had a terrific rantakan from Hugh Walpole. If you want a book from the Times, Set Caker & all by Somerset Maugham. All London is ranging with it. For there Hugh is most cruelly, maliciously at the same time unmistakably, amusingly caricatured. He was sitting in his bed with only one lock on when he opened it. There he sat with only one lock on till 11 next morning reading it. Also, we gathered in tears. He almost wept in front of Hilda Matheson, Vita - Clive, in telling us. And he couldn't stop. Whenever we changed the conversation he went back. "There are things in it that nobody knows but Willie & myself" he said. "There are little things that make me shudder. And that man has been my dearest friend for 20 years. And now I'm the laughing stock of London. And he wishes to say he didn't mean it for me." "Oh but he undoubtedly did that" said Vita cheerfully. "And he might have been jugged" said Hugh. "You don't know the kind of life that Willie has led. I do. I could put him in a book.. But then I call it a dastardly thing to do." And so on, round & round, round & round, like a dog with a tin on its tail, till three half past 12. Then he said it was all in the strictest confidence, & he had told no one else. But gloom, Clive met Archibald next night, & Archibald had met Hugh that afternoon - & had been even so much more tactful than Vita. I've written to Nelly; & had one line from her, merely acknowledging the cheque. But then she went off to her doctor, & now he has written to say that there must have been a misunderstanding & that she is hopefully well able to come back to own flat. So we have now written to him. We have given him a hint - I think it might have been stronger - & hope that he may mitigate Nelly somewhat, but I do wish she'd for a visit & a tempest of rage next week — Can't be helped. Meanwhile Rivett has improved — agreed the present system is so much better I can't think how we ever stood the other. Heavens what a letter! And more from you - B.

NYPL HAMILL 6/1/66